THE

ANTI-GALLICAN.

NUMBER VI.

BRITANNIA.

"RUIN seize thee, Consul King,
Destruction on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.

Thy fearful vigilance shall fail,
And nought thy Mam'luke guards avail,
To save thy secret soul from restless fears,
From Holland's curse, Helvetia's tears."

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of Bonaparté scatter'd wild dismay,
As Albion's tow'ring cliffs in wrath he ey'd,
And vow'd to mark with blood his vengeful way.
Massena stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms, cried Angereau, and crush the foes of France!

High on a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Ocean's foaming flood,
And mocks the wave that chafes below,
With awful front BRITANNIA stood;
Rais'd her shield, and pois'd her spear,
That oft have shaken realms with fear;
Her fav'rite lion's eye-balls glare
Like meteors on the troubled air;
Then with prophetic voice of thunder loud,
She shouted terror to the hostile crowd:—

"Harke! how the beetling cliff and sea-worn cave
Groan to old Ocean's hollow note beneath;
Tyrant, they nod to crush thee to thy grave!
Revenge on thee the murm'ring surges breathe.
My sea already yawns for half thy host,
And half shall feed the corm'rants of my coast.

Cold is my fav'rite HOWE,
Who shook th' affrighted main;
My DOUGLAS too lies low,—
Britons, ye mourn in vain
Brave ABERCROMBIE's fall,
Who delug'd Egypt with the gore
Of the fierce squadrons of the murd'rous Gaul,
On Alexandria's shore.
Yet cease to weep: they do not sleep—
Through the bright sky, a heavenly band
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land.
But NELSON still is mine,
Who shook the Libyan coast;
A thousand heroes guide my navy's line,
The dread of Gallia's scatter'd host.
Still gallant SIDNEY ploughs the deep,
Who chas'd thee, Consul fell! from Acre's wall,
And soon his force my waves shall steep
With thy base blood, thou shame of abject Gaul."

She spoke—and stamping on the rocky height,
Pale Gallia's utmost shores re-echo'd with affright.

Cambridge Chronicle.

SPEECH
OF
SIR JOHN DALRYMPLE, BART.

At a Meeting of the County of Edinburgh, held in the Parliament House, July 20, 1803, to consider of Plans for the Defence of the Country.

AFTER the papers were read, Sir John Dalrymple moved, That as an addition to the Resolutions of the Committee, the following clause should be added, "Resolved, That this Meeting recommend that Volunteer and Armed Associations of all men between the ages of 18 and 45, be raised to the extent of the sixth man, in every parish, to be regularly trained and disciplined, particularly in marching well and charging quick, three days in the week, and an hour at a time." He would not press it, if it interfered with the Resolutions, but wished that those who framed the Resolutions, would adopt the substance of it in some way or other.

He had been the first man in the three kingdoms (for the truth of which he appealed to his speech printed at the time)

time) to propose, at a meeting of the county, in this very room, that the nation should be raised in a mass, similar to that which the French had at that time raised; and he would now give the reasons which weighed with him then, and weigh with him still more now; which reasons will consist in applying to the present actual circumstances of the war between Britain and France, the circumstances of the three greatest wars in their consequences that ever existed; the war of Hannibal, the war of America, and the late war of nine Powers against France.

Much of his studies had been applied in tracing the causes of the rise and fall of Nations, and on that account he hoped for the indulgence of this meeting.

The War of Hannibal.

It appears from Livy, that Hannibal entered Italy with 100,000 men, and that the Roman Army was equally numerous, but weakened by detaching 30,000 to the defence of different parts of Italy. The consequence was, that Hannibal, in all his first battles, defeated, with a large army, troops that were less numerous. But the loss of 50,000 men, at the battle of Cannæ, opened the eyes of the Romans to their danger, and they raised all the Roman citizens in a mass. Livy says, that in the first subsequent lustrum, the number of Roman citizens was 138,000 and the legions about twenty-five. A legion consisted of near 5,000 men; but by the addition of an equal number of Allies to it, it consisted of nearly 10,000; so that the Roman Army, when the mass was raised, consisted of about 250,000. This was not all. The Romans did what they had never done before, they added 8,000 slaves to supply the place of the Prisoners taken at Cannæ, and called the seamen from the coasts to the army, which by these means came then to consist of above 300,000 men. The state of the war then came to be an army of above 300,000 against an army of 50, or 60,000. I fix upon that number because the Allies of Rome did not revolt till late in the war. With the raising of the mass the fate of the war turned, till Hannibal was driven out of Italy.

Look at Africa, a short time after. When Hannibal was driven into Africa, the Romans sent a great army after him; but the Carthaginians, instead of raising their people in a mass, trusted their fate to mercenaries and auxiliaries, and to a single battle, instead of making the war a war of posts in their own country, as they ought to have done then, and England ought to do now. Thus Rome saved Italy by raising their people in a mass, and Carthage lost Africa by not following the example.

American War.

When that war began, the Americans had not one regiment, one ship, one fort—I had almost said one shilling, because they had only a revenue of 75,000l. to defend their sea-coast, 1800 miles in length, exposed to the fleets of England, and the armies of England and Germany; yet they were victorious in the war, and by a singularity unparalleled in history, took one army prisoners in the North, and another in the South, that were sent to conquer them. What was the cause? The cause was, that they raised their people in a mass, instead of raising a partial Militia, or a partial Army, and forming them into regiments and squadrons: they formed their whole people into one great regiment, and from that great regiment formed as many small ones as they pleased.

War

War of Nine Powers against France.

When the French Monarchy was overturned, nine Powers joined against France, whose armies amounted to 700,000 men; France had only an army of 300,000 men, with disorders and civil war. What was the remedy that she applied? She raised her people in a general mass; by which I mean they called out the sixth man, leaving the other five for the purposes of agriculture and manufacture, which gave them an army of a million of men. I prove it thus; (Mons. Neckar says), that France contained 28,000,000 of people; I shall suppose them only 24,000,000. But a nation consists of half males and half females; this brings the number of males down to 12,000,000; but of this number one half are under eighteen, or above fifty years of age, which brings the 12,000,000 of males down to 6,000,000. The French armed and disciplined every sixth man, and consequently in an instant, had an army of 1,300,000 men, consisting of the old and new army. From that moment the fate of the war turned; the nine Powers sunk more by their fears than their battles; were easily defeated, and deserted each other. The King of Prussia, with his immortal brother's immortal army, slunk away first. Holland, with all her money—Spain, with all her high spirit—followed. The powers of Italy tumbled down one upon another. The magnanimous Emperors of Germany and Russia, as they were called, gave way like the rest. And, last of all, England, brave and generous England, slowly, reluctantly, indignantly, pitying and pitied, closed the melancholy scene.

Here is the fourth instance of the power of a nation raised in mass in a defensive war.

Application.

Sir John made a general observation, that a nation which defends itself, has an advantage in war over a nation which attacks for this reason, that the defending nation can make use of its mass at home, when the attacking nation cannot make use of its mass abroad. The soldiers of the nine Powers against France were scattered from Gibraltar in the South, to Petersburgh in the North. They could not find food for their armies in such long marches, nor cattle to draw stores; and they must have perished by the mere changes of climate, of which a proof is, that in the first year of the war the King of Prussia lost half his army, by only marching through Champaign and back again. But this general observation applies still stronger to the particular case, when the defending nation has a sea to protect it from the attacking one. King William, with a fleet of twelve great ships of the line, and five hundred great transports, could not land more than 14,000 men in Britain. But suppose France, without a navy at all, and with no power of transports, should land in Britain 30,000 men against a powerful navy, and an incredible number of small craft, then the state of the war would stand thus: The sixth man out of twelve millions in Britain, would be 500,000 from the new mass, added to the old army; that is to say, the contest would be betwixt 30,000 men on one side, and 800,000 on the other; with this advantage on the side of the last, that they would have to defend a country covered with woods, hedges, ditches, and stone walls, more than any country in the world, where every oak would be a fort to fire from, and a bastion to protect the man who fired from behind it.

This

This is not all—Britain possesses two advantages; the one of nature and the other of art, which were never united, in any country before.—The one is a breed of horses, fit equally by their weight for the charge, and by their lightness for the purposes of light horse, of the skirmish, and of the pursuit. The other is the turnpike-roads, which enable the last breed of those horses to carry flying artillery at the rate of twelve miles in an hour. But these advantages will be vain, unless all the horses of the nation, at least all those within fifty miles of the sea-coast, be taught to stand fire, as well as their riders.

DECLARATION

Of the Parish of EALING, *Middlesex, at a Meeting held for forming a* VOLUNTEER CORPS.

THE Inahbitants of the Parish of Ealing, including Old Brentford, being met together for the purpose of taking into consideration the steps they shall pursue, in order to strengthen the Arm of Government at this important Crisis, think it their duty to make a Declaration of their Sentiments on the Subject. They therefore declare, that they feel themselves imperiously called upon to use their most strenuous exertions in defence of their King and Country.—They see with the utmost indignation the Great disturber of the world's peace, preparing to cast upon the British Shores his infamous marauders. And they view with unspeakable pleasure the British Lion ready to repel his inglorious attempts. They view the measures adopted by Parliament for a General Arming of the People, as pregnant with the most important blessings, and anxiously anticipate the glories of that not far distant day, when the whole British nation shall be armed in its own defence, WITH ONE HEART AND ONE HAND. This measure will afford to Europe, and to the world, a sublime spectacle, and an illustrious example. It will tell all the world, that Britons have not lost the Spirit, nor abandoned the principles of their forefathers, and it will teach that part of Europe which remains unsubdued, the means by which they may support their independence. It will disconcert the CORSICAN USURPER, and his BLOOD-STAINED LEGIONS, in their fond desire for general pillage, and in their lust for universal domination.—It will belong to Britons to subvert the ambitious projects of the haughty tyrant, and to overthrow his plans of desolation.—It will be for Britons, under divine providence, to chastize him for his insolence, and to punish his temerity.—And in order to effect this most desirable purpose, the inhabitants of the parish of Ealing, are determined by every privation, and by every exertion, to co-operate with the Government and the Country in the present glorious struggle, in which they are contending, for all that is dear and valuable, for their families and fire-sides, for their beloved King, for the liberty and independance of the nation, and for continuing to themselves the pre-eminence, prosperity and happiness, the people of this country have for ages enjoyed, under its most excellent Constitution.

ADDRESS
TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN,

AS BONAPARTE and his ARMY seem determined to attempt an Invasion of this Country, it becomes the Government

Government and the People to consider seriously of the probability of such an event, and properly to estimate the consequences; to consider well the sentiments of the people, and to guard against internal as well as external enemies.

Some people affect to doubt whether Bonaparte has any such intention, and others, who believe that he may make the attempt, say, it is impossible he can succeed, and contemplate his threats without emotion. These opinions proceed either from a hope of the success of an Invasion, or ignorance of the character of the Enemy; and both of them have one tendency, that is, to produce supineness and indifference.

Nothing, surely, can tend so effectually to serve the Enemy's cause, as an opinion that the French cannot hurt us.—Let every man in the Kingdom entertain this notion, and THE COUNTRY WOULD BECOME AN EASY PREY. A proper sense of danger, when danger threatens, is the first thing that moves towards averting the danger. Where there is no sense of danger, or but little, there will be but little or no exertion; and these are the considerations which lead me to suspect that those who are perpetually crying out, "Bonaparte won't attempt an invasion; or, "If he does, it is impossible he should succeed," are either fools or scoundrels. It may be boldly said, that no friend to his country, no one who properly estimates the blessings we enjoy, no man who does not wish success to the ARCH-FIEND BONAPARTE, will say, that there is no probability of an Invasion; unless he is so besotted with ignorance of the present state of human affairs, and of the character of that GREAT SHEDDER OF HUMAN BLOOD, as to be properly denominated a fool.

During the late war Bonaparte made a number of desperate attempts, he overcame obstacles apparently insurmountable, and astonished Europe by the promptitude and decision of his measures. He has often been successful merely because his attempts have been desperate, and his advances unexpected; and those who have opposed him have been overcome, not because they were destitute of the means of resistance, but because they were appalled and confounded by the rashness of his enterprizes.

His adventures have been of such a nature as are sufficient to justify an apprehension that he will make the attempt, and that he may possibly succeed in landing an army in Britain. But if we are to be told, that he dare not attempt it, or, if he does, that his success is impossible, we shall be led into a state of indifference, which will be fatal to us. It is not in human nature to make such great exertions to avert danger, where there is only a cool calculation of the propability of an event, and the mind is in a state of considerable doubt about that probability, as are made when the mind is sensibly affected by a danger, which is seen to be impending. It is, therefore, the duty of every Friend to his Country, to RING THE BELL OF ALARM, to excite in the minds of men OF ALL RANKS, a strong feeling of the danger to which we are exposed, and of the ruin that would follow, if that danger should be consummated! But yet in such a way as not to excite fear.—To impress on their minds a strong sense of the necessity of great exertion, and in that case of the certainty of ultimate success. This is the point to which Britons should be brought.—They should be convinced, that the French army is now collecting for the avowed purpose of

invading us, and that ere long, the bold attempt will be made.—They should be taught, that if we slight and contemn the danger, THE COUNTRY IS LOST; but that if the danger is properly estimated, and BRITONS will exert themselves, THE COUNTRY IS SAVED!

Let every one, therefore, be on his guard against those who would endeavour to persuade them, that we are in no danger.—Such men should be considered as public Enemies. THE CRISIS IS AWFUL, AND THE NATIONAL SAFETY MUST NOT BE TRIFLED WITH. The people should recollect and apply the good old maxim., "HE WHO IS NOT FOR US, IS AGAINST US." In times like these, there should be a unity of sentiment, and a unity of action. There should be but one heart, and one soul. One spirit of resistance should enflame every mind. Britons should consider themselves as brethren united together in one common cause, in which all are equally and most importantly interested.

Indeed, COUNTRYMEN, you are deeply interested in the present GREAT STRUGGLE. It is a contest between tyranny and inveterate malice on the part of our enemies, and a determination on the part of BRITONS, to MAINTAIN THEIR DEAREST AND MOST IMPORTANT INTERESTS.

The Conquest of this Country by the French, would be the greatest of all evils that could befal it. Our Enemy says, HE WILL DESTROY IT:—HE tells you, that YOU SHALL BE PUT TO THE SWORD. IT IS FOR YOU TO GIVE THE LIE TO THE IMPUDENT INVADER.

Countrymen,

SINCE this has been a nation, the people were never more imperiously called upon BY THEIR OWN INTERESTS to strengthen the arm of Government. To lay aside all party differences.—And to determine to effect THE SALVATION OF THEIR COUNTRY, OR TO FALL AMONGST ITS RUINS!

GEORGE CLARK, Esq. *Brentford.*

SPEECH BY DR. BOOKER,

On the Defence of the Country; lately delivered at a public meeting of the inhabitants in the Town-hall at Dudley, Worcestershire.

THE object of this meeting is as important as any that ever engaged the attention of a civilized people. In common, therefore, with my fellow Britons of all descriptions, I naturally feel a desire to render myself useful, in contributing all I can to avert the tremendous evils which now threaten us. Not knowing whether I shall be allowed to serve my Country in any capacity or degree out of the particular sphere of my profession, I now rise to address a few words to the respectable assemblage of persons I see before me:—persons, I am convinced, who require not one word from me, or from any other tongue more eloquent than mine, to stimulate them to protect their King and his Government in the hour of danger, or to die in their defence.

Yes, Gentlemen, I know your hearts; and I know them to be warmed with genuine patriotism: with respect to real love of our admirable Constitution, I know them to be as sound as the oak that lends its strength to bear the thunders of Britain over the billows of the deep. *You* need no lecture to be pronounced in your ears to make you sensible of the blessings we enjoy: or to convince you that those blessings are now in danger. For, if the open declarations of enemies themselves (from it is advisable at all times to receive in-

struction) contain any truth, or if their present unremitted and formidable preparations against us merit any notice, incredulity itself must be constrained to own that even our political and natural existence is in most *imminent* danger. The undeviating and undivided object of a Nation gigantic in bulk, and inurged to the business of war, is OUR TOTAL OVERTHROW AND DESTRUCTION.

The happiness and prosperity with which a peculiarly kind Providence has blessed us through a series of ages, seem to affect the proud Despot of that Nation, as the Monarch of Hell was affected when he contemplated the felicity of our First Parents in the Confines of Eden. And the language of the Fallen Spirit, ascribed to him by our immortal Milton, may naturally be supposed to issue from the lips of the desolating Tyrant that mediates our ruin:

"The more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within. All good to me becomes
Bane:——
Nor do I hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek; but others to make such
As I,—though thereby worse to me redound.
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts."

Rendered wretched himself by the perpetration of deeds at which humanity blushes, and imparting no small portion of that wretchedness to the vassals he rules, "with a rod of scorpions,"—he is unceasingly endeavouring to plunge *us*, the happiest of nations, into nameless woe—I say *nameless* woe—For, what has he done in other countries, whose people have either voluntarily bowed their necks to his yoke, or have been forcibly subjugated to his tyrannic power, what plunder and oppression, what massacre of men, what violation of women has he permitted to be wrought by the slaves of his will? all these atrocities, though enough to veil yon Sun with horror, from no criterion by which *we* are enabled to judge of the extent of misery and slaughter with which he would deluge this Nation. A Nation, the only one upon earth that has baffled his towering hopes, and interposed a barrier to his mad ambition. This modern Carthage, as he terms it, he vows shall be cut off; its race of warriors, and of men eminently distinguished in every department of life, he declares shall be exterminated; its female inhabitants, thousands and ten thousands of whom are virtuous as they are fair, this Arbitrator of Mortals and of States promises to his abandoned legions, to satiate their lusts after the toils of victory! after they have stained themselves with the blood of the husbands, the brothers, the fathers, and sons of those females. Horrible consideration! What son, or what father, what brother, or what husband, can ponder it only in mind, and not feel all the man, all the hero rise within him.

It is to *avert* such mighty mischiefs, my Countrymen, that you are about to buckle on the sword. It is to drive these plunderers of the world, these polluters of female chastity to the waves they shall have the hardihood to cross, should they escape the vigilance (for I cannot for a moment suppose they will prove victorious over the valour) of our Naval Defenders.

That the call is loud and impressive, I need not tell you: that it should arouse every one who has strength in his arm to exert that strength in the momentuous common cause, is equally manifest. Let there be few exemptions; and I wish not to be among that few; but will gladly front danger, with my friend and fellow Britons, in defence of my Country, and will cheerfully hail death if I witness its fall.

THE LONDON GAZETTE
EXTRAORDINARY.

Published by Anticipation.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1803.

Admiralty-Office, November 8, 1803.

THIS morning, at half-past four o'clock, Capt. BRITON, of his Majesty's ship the INVINCIBLE, arrived at this office, with dispatches from the RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD GUARD'EM, Admiral of the Blue, and Commander in Chief of the Channel Fleet, to the RIGHT HON. LORD FINISTERRE, of which the following are Copies:

Royal Sovereign, St. Helens, Nov. 7, 1803.

MY LORD,

I have the honor, by this, the earliest opportunity, to inform your Lordship, that on Thursday, the 3d instant, Capt. LYNX, of the EAGLE FRIGATE, communicated to me a letter from Lieut. PIERCER, of the hired armed cutter L'Espion, stationed to watch the operations of the French off Brest, &c. stating, that from the motions of their gun boats, fishing vessels, and other *small fry*, which had, for some time, both singly and (as opportunity offered) in fleets, been skulking along the coast, from their small ports and inlets, to avoid our cruisers; nay, this letter adds, that some of them have even been put *upon wheels*, and drawn to their place of grand rendezvous by horses, therefore there was reason to believe that the long-expected expedition, was on the point of sailing. These movements, and also some which were made by the men of war, in the harbour, which, I had intelligence were no longer *chained to the ground*, induced me also to suspect, that the enemy meant to take the advantage of the length and darkness of the nights, and of the fogs, which even at this early period of the winter hang over the Channel in the day, and attempt, with their collected force, the invasion of our coast. This suspicion was in some degree confirmed, by advices which I received from CAPT. OAK of the FURY Bomb, LIEUT. STING, of the ANT Cutter, and from other quarters, all agreeing that similar operations were carrying on at St. Maloes, and other ports, which led me to conclude, that the different flotillas acted in concert, and that the bustle in every place, indicated a general movement at the same time. Fearful that the appearance of an English vessel should thwart their intention, and two or three gathered together frighten them back to their ports, and resolved, at the same time, to give them plenty of sea-room, I ordered all the brigs, cutters, sloops, luggers, launches, and even skiffs, with which we had hitherto opposed them, to join the fleet, which I judged to be the only means to put an end to the vaporing on their parts, which every gale had conveyed to our shores, and impatience on ours at the delay of vengeance which the brave fellows under my command seemed to consider as the only hardships of the expedition.

As I expected, on Friday morning the 4th inst. the signal was made from the RESOLUTE, Captain TAKEALL, that the enemy had sailed, and were at that time about eighty leagues S. E. of Cape Barfleur, collecting their force, which was stated to consist of twenty-eight ships of the line and some frigates. The small craft, which issued from the creeks on the opposite side of the Channel, I understood to be innumerable. I immediately ordered the signal to be made for the fleet under my command, to make all sail in chace, and endeavour to cut them off their own coast; this we happily effected. Favored by the wind, we found, on the morning of the

the fifth of November instant, the day on which they had proudly vaunted, that they intended to make a descent on our coast, that they were about Mid-channel, incumbered with their immense flotillas, which appeared to be scattered in all directions, and which, it seemed by the frequent signals of the flag-ship, and the anxiety of the repeating frigates, the Admiral was endeavouring to collect, and, as much as in his power, to concentrate. A circumstance happened at this period (nine o'clock, A. M.) which the enemy probably considered as fortunate, though in the event it was attended with serious consequences to them. Namely, about half an hour after we had discovered them, and just as I had made the signal for the ships as they advanced to attack them singly, for against such an irregular and disorderly like foe, it was impossible to form a regular line of battle: just at this moment when the TRUE BRITON, Capt. STEADY, who led the van, was within pistol-shot of L'ASSASSIN, Capt. SANG, it came on so foggy, that for some time, it shrouded the whole fleet from our sight. The enemy taking advantage of this circumstance, crowded all the sail they could carry, and as I have since been informed, in their hurry to bear away from us, not only run foul of each other, but run down many of their flat-bottomed boats and small vessels. About eleven A. M. the fog cleared away, and, as we had still kept on the same tack, we again discovered them: Capt. STEADY, resolute in his purpose, soon came up with and attacked L'ASSASSIN, with an alacrity and intrepidity that does honor to himself, officers, and crew: the other ships, as they came up, went gallantly into action, which was continued with uniform success on our part till four o'clock, P. M.

During the contest, L'EGYPTIEN, ADMIRAL JAFFA, a near relation of the First Consul, struck to the ROYAL SOVEREIGN, on board of which I had hoisted my flag; the Admiral and crew were consequently made prisoners of war. LE CATALINE was sunk by a broadside from the TREMENDOUS, Captain DART. LA GASCONADE, blew up early in the action. LE BRUTUS, struck to the CÆSAR, Captain PHARSALIA. LE PET, (bomb) also blew up, with a terrible explosion, when alongside LE REGICIDE, which from this circumstance caught fire, and burnt to the water's edge. Never was acclamation so general as that from our surrounding ships, when Le Cataline went down. This I mention with the more satisfaction, as the greater part of the crew were saved by the gallantry of the British seamen.

The contest betwixt the LION and LE COG, both first rates, was, while it lasted, extremely severe; but it was decided in favour of the former. While the capture of the latter seems to have been the signal for a general retreat, on the part of the enemy, who immediately after appeared to have forgone the intention of invading our island, and, in consequence, taking advantage of a gale which sprung up in their favour, to have borne away for their own coast, LE MARAT, LE SANTERRE, L'EGALITE, LA BASTILLE, which they intended for a prison ship, with several others, flew to escape our fleet, with all the canvas they could croud. In this, however, they had little success. LE MARAT was forced into action by the TERRIBLE, Captain CONDE, and soon after struck. Of the other I have not yet received a correct account, but have reason to believe that several were either burnt, sunk, or taken, and that those few which had the good fortune

to escape, were in so crippled a state, as to prevent the French Government from a second attempt at invasion for at least many years.

Thus ended this glorious and memorable day, in the course of which, and, in attending to its consequences, your Lordship will perceive, that I have been too much engaged to be more particular. —One observation you will permit me to make with respect to the officers and sailors under my command, that they have upon this, as upon former occasions, acted like TRUE BRITONS. Where all have been so meritorious, it would appear invidious to mention particular individuals; but it is with pleasure and pride I boast, that they have in every respect deserved the rewards, the applauses, the honors, which their king and country, whom they have so ably defended and avenged, have prepared for them.

I have the honor to be,
With the greatest respect,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble servant,
GUARD'EM.

(SECOND LETTER.)

Royal Sovereign, St. Helens, Nov. 7, 1803.

MY LORD,

I would not close my dispatches until I had communicated to your Lordship, as accurately as it is in my power to collect it, an account of the grand flotilla of transports, flat-bottomed boats, &c. &c. which was destined to convey the invading forces, which have been arrogantly termed, "The Army of England," to this kingdom. I have already intimated to your Lordship the manner in which, under the convoy of the fleet, they sailed; but it is impossible to convey to your mind an adequate idea of the confusion that ensued in consequence of our attack. Impelled by their guardian men of war to follow them, while they endeavoured as fast as possible to make their escape, as they were crowded with troops, horse and foot, the former of which they termed '*Marine Cavalry*,' you will be little surprised to learn that many of them fell foul of each other, and that the far greater number of them are gone to the bottom. Humanity shudders at the reflection of so many brave, but misguided men, being sacrificed to the caprice of a cowardly tyrant, who, I understand, so far from sharing with his companions in arms, as he called them, the dangers of the expedition, of which he was well apprized, kept himself safe on shore, furnished, instead of weapons, with the best *Telescopes* he could procure, with which he surveyed the Channel, and although his distance from the principal scene of action was too great for the events of it to come within the scope of his vision, he had, probably, the *gratification* to behold some of his battered and dismantled vessels pursued to their own ports by our ships. He may now also congratulate himself, that his grand intention in projecting this expedition is answered, as it has enabled him to *dispose* of many, both officers and soldiers, whom he feared, and consequently hated.

It is a curious circumstance that the crew of the TERRIBLE, in overhauling the hold of LE MARAT, that struck to her, found among the other articles,

50,128 thumb-screws,
10,905 iron collars,
44,201 toe vices,

12,500

12,500 pair of handcuffs,
25,040 pair of fetters, and
479 racks.

Many of those instruments of torture, which were unquestionably intended to *facilitate* the discovery of property, had the word LIBERTY at full length, and others the initials L. E. *i. e.* liberty and equality, stamped upon them. There was also found several packages of *opium*, probably the remains of the Egyptian expedition; and a vast number of *daggers*: the use for which these articles were intended, it is easy to conjecture.

On a farther search, the sailors also discovered a number of strong iron-bound chests and casks, intended for the reception of *money*, and some of the same nature, evidently formed for the conveyance of *plate*, and other valuable articles: these had all the name of BONAPARTE stamped upon their lids, and were under the care of a confidential commissary appointed for that purpose, as soon *as filled*, to have been sent to Paris.

Several reams of *proclamations*, printed in English, and dated 'from our Court of St. James's,' and signed 'Bonaparte,' together with other papers, the intention of which were to discover and apprehend the publishers, and to write down the loyal productions of the present times, were also discovered, of which I shall, the first opportunity, transmit specimens to your Lordship.

In conclusion, it gives me great pleasure to state, that this arduous contest has ended with little loss in killed or wounded on our part, and little damage to his Majesty's ships under my command, while that of the enemy must have been enormous. And here, I cannot help congratulating my country on the characteristic generosity which every action displays in her soldiers and sailors. In this, the far greater number of the latter who have fallen, lost their lives in consequence of their sedulous endeavours to save those of their enemies, who, abandoned by their officers, fell martyrs to the confusion which the unseamanlike conduct of the conductors of their fleet occasioned; and had it not been for the intrepidity of those for whom they were preparing *tortures*, the whole must have perished.

I have the honor to be,
With the greatest respect,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient humble servant,
GUARD'EM.

NARRATIVE

Of the Situation and Treatment of the English now detained in France.—

BY W. WRIGHT.

THE following account, which must be read with great allowances for the inexperience of the writer, furnishes another proof, if such were wanting, of the rancour towards Englishmen, the bad faith, and the folly, of *him*, who rules republican France.

Intelligence of Hostilities being likely to take place between England and France, agitated the minds of every one, more particularly the English who were in France; for, whether pleasure, curiosity, trade, or necessity, had placed them in that part of the globe, all were in a great degree interested in the event.

The vessels from England in a short time ceased to come, and the mail packets were the only importers of news we had; these were anxiously looked for,

for, and from the captain to the lowest on board, the crews teazed with questions to which they could give no satisfactory answers: many thought themselves happy to creep into the favour of the captains or mates, to get a glimpse of the state of things on the English side. Day after day thus passed; a stagnation of trade was the consequence of affairs being so unsettled; families from all parts of the Continent were daily arriving at Calais, deprecating, as it were prophetically, the event of a new war.

A report was soon circulated, that the Ambassadors were ordered mutually to return, and a degree of credit appeared attached to it, as two mail-packets were stationed in the harbour to convey our Ambassador and his suite to Dover. The day of his arrival was often fixed, and his non-appearance accounted for by the supposition, that the First Consul had agreed to the propositions of the British Government. Earnestly was such a circumstance wished for by the majority of the French people. "We wish not for war (said they): what have we gained by the last? What have we gain'd by the seas of blood which have been spilt? Nothing, but that the most of us have to lament a friend or relative. That war we sought not, it came to us. Now our rulers will not be at peace, nor let others be so. All the devils out of the infernal regions, were let loose among the unfortunate French at the Revolution; and every man, so soon as he gets into power, proves he has a devil revelling in his heart, which urges him to ravage and torture his fellow-creatures." Such is the language I have repeatedly heard.

Daily, nay hourly, the postillion's whip resounded in Calais streets, every one hastening to his native land, or waiting at the port of embarkation, the result of what, at that moment, was suppositions. The hotels, large as they are, were so filled, their owners knew not where to place fresh comers.—Many, whose fears overcame every other consideration, hired vessels at any price, and happily saved themselves from an unjust and inhuman captivity.

At length the Ambassador arrived at the Hotel of Dessein, and the same day the town was filled with persons of the first distinction. It was now rumoured the Ambassador would wait at Calais until he received dispatches from the Court of London; accordingly, after a few days, the dispatches arrived, and his Lordship prepared to sail.

All the French packets and bye-boats were hired by the families in town, but such were the fears of the captains and crews, that none would sail without papers under his lordship's hand: and the day after the departure of the Ambassador, a vessel which had on board the body of Sir Robert Chambers, with baggage, and a carriage, would not proceed on the voyage, although Lady Chambers signed an instrument to pay more than the value of the vessel, with twenty pounds for each day the vessel, or any of the crew were detained after the first three days. The body, baggage, and carriage, were notwithstanding unshipped, and put on board the English mail, Captain Sutton.

The departure of the Ambassador was not attended with any marks of respect, by the officers of the town, or by any salute being given; but he took leave as a private gentleman, and although we considered the Secretaries' being still in France, as a protection, and affording a glimmering of hope, yet Calais seemed more dreary to every Englishman from the moment of Lord Whitworth's

Whitworth's sailing. To add to our inquietude two French passage vessels were detained at Dover, and it was stated they were condemned; we dreaded something from the hand of power, but knew not what, if it were true; however, to our joy, they arrived the following day with the French Ambassador and his suite, with about eighty other passengers.

Hopes were still cherished by the mails passing regularly, and passengers without any other than the usual restrictions of that land of liberty, viz. *passports!* which even a native must have to go from one town to another, and must wait the office hours to obtain, let his business be ever so urgent.

French couriers were also continually passing, sometimes in open boats when the sea was so high as to make it an undertaking of the greatest risque; all these circumstances naturally led every one to suppose active negociations were carrying on, and what we wished, too easily we believed, that all would terminate favourably. Thus were we led on, from one thing to another, to repose confidence in the honour of a treacherous and vindictive government.

In the early part of the month of May, the English mail, Captain Hammond, and the French mail, sailed about four o'clock in the morning, both full of passengers, baggage, and carriages; they had but just reached the road, when a boat was dispatched, ordering the French mail to return, the passengers went on board the English vessel, happy so to escape with the loss of most of their baggage, and some of their carriages. Meantime the Prince of Wales, Capt. Sutton, and the Nancy, Capt. Latimore, were in port waiting for the Secretaries; their crews were called up, a guard placed on the vessels, and about eleven o'clock the same morning, the Captain and Mate of each vessel were put upon their parole, and all the rest sent to prison; although security to any amount was offered for these also to be allowed to remain in town. The Commissary of Marine was severely censured for suffering Capt. Hammond to escape; and after this period we had no mails but what came as flags of truce, when the Captain was received by a guard, the passports of all passengers strictly examined, and any person found without one, conducted to Mons. Mengaud, the Commissary General of Police, and probably thence to prison, without regard being had to his country, age, sex, or condition. The Captain and crew were particularly searched for letters or papers, and if found they were taken away, and conveyed to that hectoring bully of Calais, for his perusal, and at his option to be committed to the flames, detained, or sent to the party for whom they were destined.

Our troubles were now about to begin. The reasons I have before stated, induced many to wait the final termination of the negociation, still conceived to be on the tapis; and the firm belief that the French Government would give sufficient time for all to return, urged many not to press the settlement of their affairs, or to hasten their departure; joined to this, the people of Calais behaved so well in every particular, that all were lulled into perfect security for some days, when orders were issued to the officer appointed to receive the passports, on entering the town by land, to retain all the passports, and send them to General Brabacon, the Commandant of Calais; whereas before it was the custom to register the passports at the gate, and give them again to the parties to whom they

they belonged. About the same time, the great man, M. Mengaud, either was, or rather pretended to be, absent, and no passports could be obtained until he returned; this first step of paltry management created some little uneasiness; still no one imagined what was shortly to happen.

Judge, if possible, the consternation and astonishment which pervaded all ranks, the day the creature Mengaud again became visible, to hear the drum beating in all the principal streets, (the usual way of notifying any thing to the public in France), and the town serjeant reading the orders for all Englishmen between the ages of eighteen and sixty, instantly to repair to the General's house. Accordingly, every one went, when having signed his name, mentioned his age, profession, &c. he was politely told, "That in consequence of the English Government having made prizes of many French vessels, previously to their having formally declared war against the Republic, the French Government had decreed, that all Englishmen within their territories from the age of eighteen to sixty, were prisoners of war on parole; that those in Calais had that town for their prison; but if they should have the misfortune to be tempted to pass the gates, they would be ordered into close confinement; that women, children, the aged, and those who had been patentees* twelve months, were not required to sign their names, and the former were at liberty to go to England, or in fact where they chose."

Words can but imperfectly paint the distraction and distress apparent among the thus unjustly-made prisoners: some, by this unforeseen event preying upon their spirits, were seriously indisposed, while indignation burnt in the breast of most against a government, who, in a manner totally unprecedented, rendered captives indiscriminately, the gentleman and the servant, the merchant and the mechanic, the tutor and the student, who had entered their country under the protection of their laws, and the hand and seal of their ambassador. Such is French faith; such the protection afforded to those, who, under the idea of improving their fortunes by commerce, or their minds by travel, trust to the perfidious guarantee of France: that guarantee, which has been so eminently made to suit the views of its Government on a large scale, descends also to the weakest individual within its grasp.

After thus remaining a short time, every one in eager expectation some arrangement would be made for their release, and we had become somewhat more tranquil from that persuasion, information was received we were to be sent to Valenciennes, about one hundred miles from Calais; and again by the drum was it notified all the English must repair to Mengaud's office for passports. Accordingly, those whose finances enabled them to be above suing for favours at the hands of that Government which had thus entrapped them; or who had no par-

* Every person carrying on any kind of business whatever, must take out a patent; if a merchant, or more properly a negociant (as all are merchants in France, even the man who cries vinegar or brooms), he is stated to be in the first class, and pays a certain sum according to his concerns yearly; others are estimated according to their rental about 10 per cent. and a trifle for fees, stamps, &c.

ticular

ticular ties to induce a preference of one place beyond another, obtained their passports and departed, some in the barks by the canals, others in cabriolets, coaches, and on horseback; while some of our unfortunate countrymen, who had small incomes sufficient to live in one place, but who could not bear the consequent expences of traveling, and who at Calais had always appeared as gentlemen, actually marched with knapsacks at their backs, (under the dread of being sent to prison by the gendarmerie, or thief-taker, with which they were threatened), after having shared their little stock with their families, which were thus left upon the charity of their countrymen who were patentees, or who were determined not to go till the last extremity. One family, of two brothers, a wife, together with three children, the eldest not more than three years old, the father was unwilling to leave behind, they attempted to carry; after proceeding miserably some way, they were obliged to return, and the wife and children were generously taken into the house of Mr. King, the York Hotel, an Englishman established there upwards of twenty years, and whose humanity to his countrymen has been dangerous to himself and family, in the time of the Revolution.

Many were the petitions presented to Mengaud, backed by the interest of the first negotiants in the place. Out of the number, only three were not treated by that worthy representative of the sanguinary Bonaparte, with supercilious contempt, viz. Mr. Impete a gentlemen of fortune, and his family; the other two, single gentlemen, Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Stephenson. The former under the plea of ill health; the latter, as a student in physic. These three petitions were referred to the grand Judge of Paris, and they were to wait at Calais for his answer. Various other persons remained under the idea, that a favourable alteration might yet take place; they were, however, allowed very little respite, for again the drum resounded in the streets, and damped the spirits of our unfortunate, and too credulous countrymen.

All were once more summoned to the General's house, when they were asked very abruptly, "What is the reason you are not gone from this place, according to the orders issued?" Some stated they only wished to see their wives and families safe aboard for England; others, the want of means to depart; and, in short, most had reasons to give. They were told to return the next day, when the poorer sort were ordered to depart in two days; and those who could *create*, or pay for friends, were exempted, and suffered to remain. Application had been made by a friend of mine of some consequence in the town, to suffer me also to remain. Permission was granted to that effect, on condition of my acting as interpreter for the General, which procured me no other advantage than the favour I asked, and of course excited the jealousy of my countrymen.* After the first interview, I received orders to make out two lists; one of the poor persons, whom I considered unable to defray the expences of a journey inland; the other of those in easier circumstances. I was in hopes the Government intended to convey the

* I often felt my situation to be far from agreeable, as the task I had to perform was invidious in the extreme. However, it gave me an opportunity of observing closely the rapaciousness of a Jack in office, and his satellites.

lower

lower class at its own expence, but it afterwards appeared the General was actuated by a different motive, in thus ascertaining who where possessed of money. All the persons remaining at Calais not having paid a visit to the General the second day, and the third day they appearing rather tardy in coming, the General sent the names of those he conceived were wanting in this mark of respect, to the commandant of the gendarmerie, ordering gens d'armes to search for, and bring before him all the persons mentioned in the list. All were thus publickly brought through the streets, when the same question was put to them in the most severe and austere manner, "Why they were not gone?"—Most had their passports signed by the General to depart the next day; he at the same declaring, if they were found in the town after the following day, he would commit them to prison, and send them up the country in custody of the gendarmerie. I know of many artificers and manufacturers, who went into France seduced with the promisses and hopes of encouragement, that they were absolutely obliged to sell or pledge their tools and cloaths for a mere nothing, to obtain money for their journey, and to pay three shillings and four-pence for the passport they were thus forced to take; and some actually departed from Calais with no more than two shillings in their pockets, therefore were forced to depend on the assistance of their countrymen, who were travelling the same road.

No adequate idea can be formed of the peculation carried on by those placed in office: needy, avaricious, and unprincipled, they, in the most barefaced manner, prey on those who are so unfortunate as to fall into their power. Some instances came within the scope of my knowledge, from the situation I was placed in with the General.—One poor gentleman, of the name of Mallison, a cripple, who had repaired to Calais for the benefit of sand-baths, and whose removal to the interior would probably shorten his life, petitioned to remain, as having an abscess removeable by no other method in the opinion of his surgeons. I was sent to him, (not immediately from the General, but through his orders) to return him his petition, and to tell him unless he paid ten guineas into the hands of a person named to him he would be sent off. I could not make an offer of the kind to him, but pointed out to him the person alluded to; and who, I told him, could obtain him the permission so necessary for his health; he settled it with him, I believe, for he was not sent off. Another gentlemen, of the name of Patterson, to whom I was also sent, offered two guineas for permission to stay a short time. He was also introduced to this friend of the General's, and five guineas were demanded; this he with proper spirit refused to give, and departed for Valenciennes the next morning. An English merchant also gave three dozen of the best Bourdeaux wine, value six guineas, to gain permission for himself to go to England, while his brother took care of his house. All these had reason to repent of their credulity, as will appear by the subsequent transactions. French rapacity, and French faith, followed these apparently friendly agreements, and prove that they are as arrant cheats in the detail, as they are in national transactions.

In this manner were our countrymen treated; thus were the ties of consanguinity burst asunder. The parent, who had sent the son to study foreign manners, and thereby improve his own, hears of his detention, and sinks into the grave denied the prop of declining years;

years; and the son is thus prevented paying the last sad duty to a fond indulgent parent.

The merchant who by extended commerce sought to improve his fortune, is torn from wife, children, and connections; is ruined in circumstances.—Want and misery are the portion of a family, that, but for this cruel stroke, might have been happy.

The lover's hopes are blasted, and torturing fancy continually paints to his view the dear idol of his tenderest affections, while anxious doubts and fond alarms, distract his breast: a knowledge of the intended invasion—preparation for the descent, and the horrid threats of worse than death, to the justly celebrated beauties of this favoured isle, add agonizing poignancy to his feelings; under the reflection that he is unable to fly, to defend, or of proving his love, by dying in defence of the adored object, of his country, and of his friends.

The sons of glory, whose courage has often made the insolent foe yield the palm of victory, now basely entrapped, doubly feel the insults offered to their King, and the threatened destruction of their country; they burn to revenge their monarch's cause, and defend the dear distinction purchased by their blood, and that of their ancestors. Manufacturers and mechanics, how do they now repent being seduced by the promises of a faithless government; in the interior of an enemy's country, reduced from subsisting by honest labour, to living on charity of their unfortunate countrymen; separated from their families, and never again able to re-visit their native shore—they pine in misery, and stand the sad mementoes of the folly of trusting to the protection of *French* laws; and, as a warning to all manufacturers and mechanics, to be content with the comparative affluence their native land affords.

Such were the scenes presenting themselves to view at Calais; similar ones were practised at Boulogne, Dunkirk, St. Omers, and all parts in the vicinity. I am inadequate to the task of describing every scene of wretchedness and misery to which I was witness, and none but those who were actually present, would credit that such could be inflicted by a government calling itself civilized.

The same day that the English were thus dragged through the streets of Calais, by French thief-takers, an engagement took place on the coast, about a league from the town, so clearly discernable, that the holes made by the shot in the sails were visible to the naked eye. Two French gun-brigs, the crews having ran them ashore under the protection of the forts, which kept up an incessant fire, trusted to their situation for safety; but, when they saw our tars approach in small boats, they forsook their ships, and a detachment from the garrison, who were marched down on the sands, about two hours after the commencement of the engagement, arrived in time to see the triumphs of the British arms, the two vessels being gallantly cut out, and carried off: although the English balls rolled on the sands, and even passed their forts, I heard not of above two persons wounded: in the forts they had some conscripts, who never having seen service, fell down at the noise of every ball that passed.

The intention of Bonaparte to visit Calais being made known, the inhabitants were repeatedly invited by publications read to them and stuck up in the streets, to manifest their joy at the approaching honour; they were further told, that from that point should be

be made the attack on the proud people who daily insulted their coasts, calling to mind their ancestor Eustace St. Pierre, styling the people of Boulogne the brave, and observing what glory they had acquired by the defeat of Nelson. They painted in all the pompous language of the Revolution, the faith, honour, and glory of the republic, and its First Consul, ascribing tyranny to to our king, want of faith to our government, representing us as a band of pirates and robbers, and in the end denouncing on our heads a vengeance which should make all the nations of the earth shudder by its severity. In rather milder terms a succeeding publication desired them to behave with decency and good order, and requested if they knew of any disaffected to denounce him or them, for the good of the nation: again in humbler mode the people were addressed, and invited to display flags from the windows, to keep the streets clean, and to illuminate the houses on 9th or 10th of Messidor, being the days appointed for the visit, to use their words, "of the greatest man in the world." Meantime the advanced guard of about two hundred and fifty men had arrived on fine horses, and were good proportioned well dressed men; they were quartered in the houses of the better sort of inhabitants, and behaved with propriety. With them also came nine Mamalukes, as they are called, although in fact, there are not more than one quarter of them who are so, the rest being slaves. These are armed with a scymeter, a dagger, a brace of pistols in their belt, a brace on their saddle, and a short fusee; to be admitted into the guard of Bonaparte the person must be of the exact height of six feet English measure; he must have served six years without reproach, and in every particular deserve the name of a good soldier.

The Town Hall was decorated with boughs of trees, the windows and images newly painted, and a range of flags of all nations prettily displayed from the balcony over the entrance; the market place was strewed with fine sand, and all the principal streets tastefully adorned with rows of trees, made artificially with boughs. Festoon, and garlands of leaves and flowers, lengthways and across, were suspended with a pleasing effect; and in some parts of the town white linen neatly bordered with gilt paper, and tied in festoons with flowers, the whole length of the street, added to the appearance of the other decorations.

In the street leading to the church were several triumphal arches, with the temple of Concord, and medallions inscribed with the names of those nations with whom France considers herself at peace; the whole being executed in paper, and that not very neatly, only rendered it an object to be viewed at a distance with any advantage. The gates of the town were also ornamented with wreaths and flowers; an inscription was placed in the street leading to the port, "The Liberty of the Seas," and over the gate through which the passage lays for embarkation, was "The Road to London:" thereby meaning, "The Road of Bonaparte to London;" but the writer, a German, contented himself with the first and shortest, probably thinking it also the most true inscription, as it certainly is the road for passengers; but I trust the unanimity and courage of Britons will defeat this hostile vaunt, and prevent him ever reaching that emporium of the world, unless indeed as a captive.

From every window depended flags; lines were stretched across the street from window to window, and on these were hung sheets ornamented with gilt and coloured paper, flags of all nations; and

bed

bed curtains, of all colours, sizes, and sorts, some clean, but more dirty, filled up the motley decorations of Calais-streets.

Some of the young men of the town, having provided themselves with dresses and arms, upon the report of the First Consul making this tour twelve months since, again came forward as a guard of honour to receive him, and the morning of the 12th of Messidor, the day of his arrival, received their flag of light blue silk, a white fringe, the national scarfe tied on the top, the two ends serving as tassels, and inscribed in gold letters,

BONAPARTE
AMIDST THE DESCENDANTS OF
EUSTACE ST. PIERRE,
12th of Messidor, year 11.

About four o'clock in the afternoon arrived this long expected man: he was met at the gates by the officers of the town, where the keys were presented to him. The head of the clergy also attended with a canopy, under which he hoped to introduce him into the town, but Bonaparte noticed him not, and entered in company with the officers of the regiment, and of the municipality. He was attended by about one hundred and fifty guards, mamalukes, &c. and went to the Hotel of Dessein; he then, in company with four or five officers of note, one favourite mamaluke near him, and nearly twenty guards, mamalukes, and gens d'armes, went on the port, where none were suffered to follow, and in a boat crossed to the Red Fort, at the mouth of the harbour, when having inspected that and the port, for nearly three hours, he returned to his hotel, the boys and rabble shouting, "*Vive Bonaparte.*"

So soon as it was dark, in obedience to orders issued in the form of an invitation, all the windows of the first story had more or less candles; the hotel of Dessein was neatly ornamented with lamps, forming in the front a star with R. F. above, and "*vive Bonaparte*" below: the windows of the Town-hall were filled with candlesticks, and a transparent cypher of N. B. surrounded by lamps, was in the middle over the entrance; the house of the Mayor was also illuminated with lamps, and an inscription expressive of his attachment and good opinion of his chief.

Balls were given by the Muncipality at the Town-hall, and two large rooms to the inhabitants; Bonaparte in disguise viewed the town, and some little gallantry took place, by a lady asking him a question, respecting the First Consul visiting the ball.

In the street so neatly decorated with linen, flowers, &c. no lights were displayed from the windows, but festoons of lanthorns made of different coloured paper and oiled, supplied the place and produced a good effect.

At one o'clock most people had quitted the streets, and the candles were out; no symptoms of disorder took place during the whole of the day, or night; but the inhabitants having satisfied their curiosity, retired quietly to their beds.

Bonaparte, after a very slight supper, about twelve o'clock retired to his room, and continued some time writing; and at four o'clock in the morning was again at the Red Fort, where having remained some time, he returned to his hotel. On his way out in the morning I had an opportunity of noticing his countenance most particularly, as he crossed the market-place. He was advancing with a sullen

sullen look, and as he came near the spot I occupied, he seemed to recognize an Englishman, and a storm gathered on his brow, which I wished to shun. At ten he made another visit to the port, when on his return he was solicited to enter the Town Hall by the Municipality; he dismounted, and staid some considerable time, in the course of which he expressed his satisfaction at the reception he had met with, his high approbation of the Mayor's conduct: and since his departure the Minister has written from Paris, to assure the citizens of Calais no request they can make, which can be complied with, shall ever be denied them.

Whilst the First Consul was at Boulogne an English frigate fired among the workmen, and drove them from their work; shot were fired in return, but not reaching half way, excited a degree of suspicion, and on weighing cartridges which should contain eight pounds of powder, they were found three pounds deficient; such an act of treachery so enraged him, that with a ferociousness natural to his character, he tore the epaulet from the shoulder of the responsible officer, put him in prison, and every one any way concerned with him shared the same fate; finding also the works not executed according to the orders he had given, he broke all the officers in fault, and suspended the operations in hand.

A considerable sum of money was expended to prepare the town of Dunkirk for the reception of Bonaparte; and we understand from thence many English were put in prison during his stay, and afterwards were, as well as those at Boulogne, ordered to quit the coast immediately.

We therefore naturally supposed similar orders would be given to the remaining few at Calais, and so it eventually proved: within two or three days after this little great man's departure, men, women and children were obliged to visit the general, when patentees pleaded their right as French citizens to remain, those who had been patentees a twelve-month being protected by the French laws from removal as foreigners; and those who had been so seven years, having by those laws the same privileges as natives; but it did not matter, they were indiscriminately told they must sell their property, or remove it with them in a few days.

The same species of protection was given to men who have been established twenty or thirty years in France; all must remove: patentees had the indulgence of not being ostensibly made prisoners of war, but they really were so, as unless they were aged, no permission could be granted for them to return to the country which gave them birth; women, children, and aged, were permitted to have passports for England, and six leagues was the distance from the coast for those who were not in the number sent to Valenciennes, and who wished to remain in the country.

The natives were astonished at the unjust detention of the English, and the subsequent measures of cruelty towards them: it excited pity; but awed as they are by the military, they almost cease to think of their rights as men, much less of the sufferings of foreigners; for the dread of experiencing the repetition of similar scenes of horror they had so lately witnessed, in fighting for a shadow of liberty, deters them from emancipating themselves from a lower state of slavery than they endured in time of royalty. The lower, as well as the higher orders among

among them, say, "formerly the persons in office being by birth, education, and manners, gentlemen, were civil and courteous in discharge of their duties; but now how widely different! those in power support and enrich themselves by extortion of every kind, and the most unprincipled, unfeeling conduct, evidently evince the origin of their manners."

Happily for the inhabitants of Calais, M. Mengaud is stripped of a great part of his power, and will most probably lose the remainder; it is now vested in the Mayor and Corporation. It was a change long seriously wished for, as all persons, whether French or English, were insulted by his language, beat with his hands, cane, or whip, sometimes in his office, in the street, or at the theatre, and afterwards put in prison at his pleasure, without reason or remedy.

From the moment I was so unjustly detained, I determined to escape the first opportunity that presented itself, and to facilitate its execution, I sent my wife and family to England. After their departure I revolved many plans, and at last thought of escaping by means of a trunk; I therefore marked with a pencil the size I could compress myself into, and noting the measure, waited for an opportunity to put it into execution; a fortnight nearly elapsed before a vessel was about to sail, and in that time not being able to hear of those I had sent before me, my anxiety increased to a state unbearable; three other persons opened their minds to me, as wishing also to escape. Being then four, our plan was to take a small boat, and go to sea in the night; finding there was a small boat lying near the pier head with stones in her to repair a broken part in the pier, we resolved to secrete ourselves among the wood work, and drop out with the tide; this however was found impracticable by a centinel's being placed near the spot; and for all four to hide on board of a vessel was impossible, from the search made by the custom-house officers; for large as are the neutral vessels, yet their going out in ballast leaves no place but what is easily explored.

Fully confident I could trust my partners in trouble, I mentioned my plan of a trunk; they did not approve of it; and two, discouraged, gave up all thoughts of effecting their escape at that time, the other depended on being secreted in the vessel, and I determined to act according to my original intention.

As the Danish brig the St. Anna was to sail the following day, I went with a friend to all the dealers in trunks, to find one to my purpose, and curious to relate, was shewn a trunk in which a man had escaped from England; at length my friend bought one as for himself, and on trial it answered very well; holes were made to admit air, and having loosely put my cloaths, &c. in, it was sent to the custom-house with other baggage, and being examined was conveyed on board. Meantime I went down on the port dressed as a sailor, and within ten yards of the vessel overtook the Commissary of Police, who in war time, attended by town-serjeants and a guard, takes all the passports. Well knowing if he went on board, it would be impossible for me to effect my purpose, I asked him if he was going on board? He replied in the affirmative. I told him it was too soon, as we had not got all the baggage from the custom-house, and none of the passengers were yet come

come down; he returned, imagining probably I belonged to the vessel, and I passed the centinel placed at the side, and descended into the cabin. I then ordered my trunk down there, saying it was a gentleman's who desired I would see it placed there; they on board believing I was authorised so to do, instantly lowered it it down. The Captain being a man I could not trust, it was necessary to have him out of the way; this also was accomplished by a little finesse, when my friend entered and held the cabin door, while I tumbled every thing out of the trunk into a bag I had ready for the purpose, then stripping off my jacket and waistcoat, I leaped in.

Agitated and hurried, not having a moment's time, I could not compress myself sufficiently to allow the trunk to be locked at the first or second trial, and my friend being terrified, was on the point of quitting me, saying, our lives were forfeited. At that moment, determination enabled me to compress myself as much as possible, and I begged him to jump on the lid, which forced it down, and I was locked up. He had scarcely done so, when the custom-house officers came on board, also the commissary; when the vessel having undergone the search, joyfully did I hear the order to cast off, and still more happy to feel the vessel under weigh.

The heat of a very warm day was so increased from my confined situation, as to be scarcely bearable, and the cramp seized my legs in about ten minutes after I was locked in. Great as was the pain, I dared not breathe hard, fearful of being heard; the pain at last subsided, and from my knees downwards, I lost all sense of feeling, and, even at the moment I am writing, I feel the effects of that confinement.

Well convinced, if detected, my life would be sacrificed to their vengeance, under the pretence that I was carrying over intelligence to the English, but in reality as an example to others, and to gratify the avarice of individuals in power, I had made up my mind fully to succeed, or perish in the attempt. My spirits being so harrassed by anxiety, that death would have been far preferable to a state like mine, separated as I was from those so dear to me, for whom and for my country I would again hazard my life, or bleed in defending.

On gaining the roads, an anchor was let go, to wait for the turn of tide, which runs to the eastward about three hours after high-water, and the wind being westerly would have taken us out of our course for Dover. The key of my trunk had been given to a gentleman on board, who, fearful I should be suffocated, came down into the cabin, and finding by the mark which was the right, opened it in the presence of the captain, when I, naturally thinking all was safe, lifted up my head. The captain was terrified beyond expression, as the pilot-boat had not quitted the vessel. However, I got out of my confinement; and, though at first not able to stand, put on another dress. Scarcely had I so done, when the pilots came down into the cabin for their money, one of them the greatest villain in Calais. Another person also came down with them who knew me at Calais; and, whether I am to attribute to his good offices the pilot's not giving information respecting me, or whether it was owing to the pilot's being employed in taking out the passengers of the mail packet, Captain Dell, which came into the roads just at this time, I am at a loss to determine. Be it which it may, providence favoured me; and, after suffering the most uneasy sensations

tions for two or three hours, the passengers urged the Captain to get under weigh; when, as we were on the point of getting the anchor up, a boat came out of Calais harbour, and made directly for us. It was to me a subject of alarm; but seeing only three persons, I remained tolerably easy, until we ascertained it was not after me. The boat came aboard just as we were under sail, and there jumped upon deck another unfortunate prisoner, of the name of Estill, now in London. He had walked down on the pier, when two young men who had been waiting for him seized the opportunity, when no one was observing, of placing their boat so as to receive him: he sprung into it, and was saved. The young man who had performed this friendly office, on his return was denounced; and, to escape from death that awaited him, was under the necessity of flying to Dover to save his life. Being an alien, he of course was there stopped; but application being made for his liberation, I have reason to believe he is come to London. His name is Lutz. To Mrs. Ann Putland, of No. 42, Manchester-street, I am indebted for my conveyance to town in her carriage, and for other civilities in a strange place.

SPIRIT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

IN this pause of action and of intelligence from abroad, a new torpor begins, in some manner, to steal upon the public mind. We would persuade ourselves—that Russia hastes to interpose for the restoration of peace—that Sweden—that Denmark—that Austria—that Prussia, are, with a sudden change of humours and of counsels, to take part with us—that France is to change BONAPARTE for MOREAU merely for our quiet and convenience—that friendly armies are, as it were, to descend, on a sudden, from the skies, or to burst forth from the bosom of the earth—and all—that our volunteers, our militia, our troops of the line, our reserve, may save their bacon. By the influence of such dreams of fear and indolence, our stocks rise, our martial efforts are relaxed, our courage cools, and we begin to talk wistfully of the return of peace, without any great solicitude about its terms, if it would only return before we can know more of war than the mere show of clothes and arms, and the miserable bustle of mere preparation.

How long will mankind thus suffer indolence and the delusions of corrupted fancy to prevail over every generous resolution, and every heroic effort? How long is it, that we are thus to listen with greedy devouring ears, to every false prophet who calls out—"Peace! Peace!" while there is no Peace? How long shall we suffer the arts of the secret traitor, and the sordid delusions of the sluggish to prevail over all the better energies of the good? Is it so mighty a matter to steel our hearts with generous resolution but for one six or eight months? Is it so hard a thing for British freemen to labour with the sword and buckler, sustained by one arm, while, with the other, they handle the trowel, the shuttle, or the axe?

And what if BONAPARTE should, indeed, offer terms of peace?, what if he should be suddenly hurled from his usurped throne?—What if the monarchy of the Bourbons should, ere to-morrow, be restored in France?—Would this alone give us security?—Know we not the ancient ambition of France? Know we not, that the Republic, that the Consulate has but inherited

herited the designs of the monarchy? A republican General succeeding to the power of Bonaparte, would aspire, like him, to triumph over the only rival that is formidable to France. A King of the House of Bourbon would naturally strive to shew, that he was not less able than a Consul, to advance the power and glory of his country.

It was the voice of DEMOSTHENES to the Athenians, amidst their enquiries, if PHILIP were dead?—were sick?—in recovery?—that, though he were dead a thousand times, their fears, their indolence, their levity of resolution would as often raise up new PHILIPS to themselves. And it may be said, that, as long as Britons shall so eagerly indulge every pretence for the relaxation of their energies of patriotism and courage, so long shall no death nor revolution have power to deprive France of some BONAPARTE to annoy them.

Britons! awake! arise! Danger *must* be faced! Blood *must* be shed! Children *must* be left fatherless! Widows *must* mourn! But, if we shall prevail in the strife, we become the first nation in the world—the saviours of the common liberties of mankind. And never can we contend with such odds in our favour, as when we contend to repulse an invading foe.

Away, then! away with every tendency to dreams of reconciliation with France, till we shall have evinced, upon trial, that *there are none* whom *we may not conquer, none upon earth* BY WHOM WE CAN BE SUBDUED!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BRITONS MARCH,

Or, the Marche des Marseillois Parodied;

BY OLD NICK.

YE Sons of Briton 'wake to glory,
Hark, Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your Children, Wives, and Grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries;
Shall FRANCE'S TYRANT mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts *a ruffian band*,
Affright and *desolate our land*,
WHILE PEACE AND LIBERTY LIE BLEEDING?
TO ARMS, to arms, ye Brave! Th' avenging sword unsheath,
March on, all hearts resolv'd on Victory or Death!

Now, now the dang'rous Storm is rolling,
Which treach'rous foes, confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze!
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While BONAPARTE'S *guilty stride*
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

O Liberty! can Man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame;
Can dungeons bolts and bars confine thee
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That *lawless France* should brave the field,
But Freedom is our Sword and Shield,
And all her Arts are unavailing!
To ARMS! to arms! ye Brave! &c.

The Birth, Parentage and Education, Life, Character, and Behaviour, of the Consul BONAPARTE.

A TALE FOR JOHN BULL.

To the tune of Good Queen Bess.

I'LL tell you such a story now as never has been told, John,
By modern novel-writers, or by fabulists of old, John,
And what is wonderful in these romancing times, John,
You'll find as much of truth, as of wonder in my rhimes, John.
Oh! the melancholy days of Tyrant Bonaparte,
Cursed be the memory of Tyrant Bonaparte.

In the middle of that sea, where Nelson spread your fame, John,
A little Island shews its head, and Corsica 's its name, John,
Where a pettifogging Lawyer and a vixen of a Wife, John,
Contriv'd by hook or crook to bring an urchin into life, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Oh curs'd for ever be the night, with curses deep and hearty,
When this urchin saw the light, this Devil Bonaparte!
Lawyers as you know, are ever mischief brooding o'er, John,
But mischief such as this, never Lawyer hatch'd before, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Young Boney soon was sent to France, and got his education,
At a free-school which the good old King, had founded for the nation,
For which to shew his gratitude, he kindly did contrive, John,
To help the rascal Robespierre, to take away his life, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

At Toulon next he chanc'd to meet a villain called Barras, John,
Who seas had shed of human blood, and wish'd to shed still more, John,
Young Boney was as covetous of murder to the full, John,
And got by way of recompence, his master's *cast-off Trull*, John,
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

So

So hand in hand to Paris went, these Spoilers of Creation,
And every place with murder fill'd, and endless desolation,
By grape-shot from the cannon's mouth in one devoted day, John,
All weltering in their own hearts blood, two thousand bodies lay, John,
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

To Italy he now repair'd as General in Chief, John,
And murders there committed such as almost pass belief, John,
Where'er he set his cloven foot, the marks of blood appear, John,
Destruction went before his face, and curses in his rear, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

And next to Egypt's coasts he led his rapine fatted train, John,
And with depopulation wild he fill'd each fertile plain, John,
And quick through Alexandria which he had ta'en by storm, John,
Murder, rapes, and pillage, stalk'd in ev'ry frightful form, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Old Nile drew back his hoary head and in dread horror stood, John,
But Carnage soon fill'd up his bed with streams of human blood, John,
The Crocodiles were choaked with gore, and soon it did appear, John,
No monster could in thirst of blood with Bonaparte compare, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

But Oh! what tongue can justly paint the horrors of that day, John,
When Jaffa's sons all prisoners before his forces lay, John,
His troops around the captives drawn had orders giv'n to fire, John,
While spying through a glass he grinn'd to see the Turks expire, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

But not content Five Thousand Foes to murder in cold blood, John,
His own troops next were sacrificed to his ensanguin'd mood, John,
Near twice three hundred Soldiers who were wounded by his side, John,
Were serv'd with draughts of Opium, and agonized died, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

With conquest proud 'fore Acre next, he muster'd all his force, John,
But soon was by Sir Sidney Smith compelled to change his course, John,
A handful of your Soldiers there defeated all his host, John,
And forced the vengeful murderer to sculk from off the coast, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

Then sneaking back to France again he seiz'd the sword of state, John,
And slavery has now become the Frenchman's darling fate, John,
And well it were if France alone composed the slavish train, John,
But ah! the Dutch, Italians, Swiss, all groan beneath his chain, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

And now he swears your valiant son's he'll shortly add to these, John,
And make the boldest, mercy ask, upon his bended knees, John,
And humbly praise his clemency, and prostrate sue for grace, John,
While wife and daughters ravish'd are before his tortur'd face, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

But never sure could you survive such aggravated ill, John,
Nor bear to see your females yield to his accursed will, John,
Then quick prepare with ardent zeal to meet him on the Strand, John,
And make each Frenchman's grave the spot on which he dares to land, John.
Oh! the melancholy days, &c.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONG

FOR THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS.

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.

Air, " *With Swords on their thighs the bold Yeomen are seen.***"**

WHEN swell'd with ambition Old Satan rebell'd,
When angel apostates from bliss were expell'd,
And Mercy indignant, set seal on their doom,
Then MAN was created to fill up their room.

But ere his election, desert he must prove,
As justice divine is co-equal with love;
A place of probation this earth was assign'd,
And Reason's bright lamp to illumine his mind.

His terms of existence by Man should be known;
The land he *first breathes in*, THAT land be his own;
That *dear* spot invaded, the foe from it driven,
Our tenure secur'd by a charter from Heaven.

For midway in skies a fair temple is plac'd,
To Liberty sacred! By her we 're embrac'd,
She cries; *My lov'd Children, remain ever free!*
Fight! conquer! 'tis glory to conquer for me.

The demon cast downwards now ranges below;
Eternal his rancour, as endless his woe.
To chain us in thraldom his pride and his boast,
In hopes we may forfeit those joys which he lost.

Tho' Father of Lies, we believe now his word,
Why wait for his coming? ALL! gird on the sword!
And shew, that by guarding our house and our field,
A Briton deserves the sweet comforts they yield.

Morning Post.

A PATRIOTIC SONG,

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By Martin Arthur Shee, Esq.

COME, fill the goblets to the brim,
In wine the sentiment shall swim,
Which all true Britons cherish.
The patriot, as the bumpers pass,
Will pledge his heart upon his glass,
And, ere he flinches, perish.

CHORUS.

Now let the peal of Bacchus ring,
Our Cause, our country, and our King,
In sounds of triumph swelling;
May Britons still, while life remains,
Defend the land, where Freedom reigns,
With peace and order dwelling.

Look round the globe in ev'ry clime,
Trace back the troubled stream of time,
From Adam, as it flows:
And say, ye sages, can you find
More real bliss to man assign'd
Than Albion's Isle bestows?
Bless'd spot! that 'mid life's dreary waste,
Seems like a second Eden plac'd,
For peace and freedom plann'd.
O! ne'er may fiend nor serpent there,
Disturb the holy, happy pair,
Or drive them from the land.
Now let the peal, &c.

Tho' rous'd reluctant, from repose,
Again to combat freedom's foes,
Still eager to degrade us;
We'll teach the stilted pride of France,
Tho' *single handed* we advance,
We need no force to aid us.
And should the foe, his fate allow,
To touch our coast with hostile prow,
And waft his minions o'er:
He'll find to check his vain career,
'Tis hard to gain an *Acre* here,
As erst on Egypt's shore.
Then let the peal, &c.

In peace, tho' party may prevail,
And each at rights invaded rail,
Thro' every rank and station;
If once the foe approach the gate,
He'll find no faction in the state,
No party but the Nation.
Whene'er his sword his country claims,
Her cause the Briton's soul inflames,
Each minor care suspending.
For Pitt or Fox, no matter, each
With equal zeal will mount the breach,
And die her rights defending.
Then let the peal, &c.

Shall despots dare their crimes confess,
And bid the indignant British Press
Be silent, or dissemble?
No! loud on ev'ry shore around,
Let Freedom's sacred voice resound
While Tyrants hear and tremble.
Alike assertors of his cause,
His sword, his pen, the Briton draws,
Who ne'er abus'd or sold them;
Alike for freedom they contend,
And each the other shall defend
While we have hands to hold them.
Then let the peal, &c.

Shall we, to soothe a Tyrant's sway,
The hapless exile here betray,
And from our shores expel him?
There's not a heart with honour fraught,
But swells indignant at the thought,
And so our swords shall tell him.
Whate'er the stranger's praise or blame,
His sufferings are sufficient claim,
For Britons to befriend him;
Who, 'gainst ungen'rous passion proof,
Respect a foe beneath their roof,
And while he's there defend him.
Then let the peal, &c.

What tho' degenerate Europe groan,
And crouching 'neath an upstart throne,
Submit her plains to plunder;
In glory's gap shall Britain stand,
And shew the foe her *single-hand*
Can hurl th' avenging thunder.

Again

Again let Nelson, Sidney, strike,
Or gallant Moira, grac'd alike
For camp or council, guide us:
The Corsican on sea or shore
Shall find his laurels cropp'd once more,
And grieve he e'er defied us.
Then let the peal, &c.

And since no human systems e'er
Were plann'd so perfect, or so fair,
But some wise heads would mend them;
Let's each Utopian wish repress,
And prize the blessings we possess,
Determin'd to defend them.
If forms are best we all agree,
Where man's most happy and most free,
No matter what we stile 'em:
Britain may boldly stand the test,
Sole refuge of a world oppress'd,
And Virtue's safe Asylum.
Then let the peal, &c.

THE MEN OF KENT.

WHEN HAROLD was invaded,
No discipline he knew,
WILLIAM, the NORMAN, waded
Through blood, and HAROLD slew.
The Counties round, in dread profound,
Bewail'd their lost condition;
Their lands to save, base homage gave,
But Kent show'd no submission.
CHORUS.
Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
Right Loyal, Brave, and Free;
Of British race, if one surpass,
A Kentish Man is he.

The sturdy stout Freeholders,
Who saw the Tyrant near,
With girdles on their shoulders,
A grove of oaks did bear:
Which, when he saw, quite struck with awe,
He fear'd he could not quell 'em,
He ceas'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
And guaranteed their Freedom.
Then sing in praise, &c.

In games and sports athletic,
The Kentish Men excel;
In War they are terrific,
In Love they bear the belle.
They shine in Love as well as War,
Adorn'd with all the Graces,
A Yeoman there surpasses far,
A Knight in other places.
Then sing in praise, &c.

In Chivalry and Glory,
The Kentish Men are known,
High fam'd in ancient story,
And also in our own.
Quebec shall own WOLFE's great renown,
His fame recount with wonder,
And France shall tell how great he fell,
In Victory's own thunder.
Then sing in praise, &c.

But if the Men are hardy,
So are the Women fair;
The country too is lovely,
And rich beyond compare.
In Gothic spires, its dome of Knowl,
Its church of Canterbury,
Its forts so strong, its castles all,
Attest its antient glory.
Then sing in praise, &c.

The promis'd land of blessing,
Our good forefathers meant,
So worthy of possessing,
Is this fam'd land of Kent.
Its flow'ry vales, and meadows fair,
Its bees in every coppice;
The hops, the beer, the cherries there,
Will shew the Land of Promise.

CHORUS.
Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
Right Loyal, Brave, and Free;
Of British race, if one surpass,
A Man of Kent is he.

Traveller.

OLD

OLD ANNA.

From the Loyal Cottagers.

By Mr. Pratt.

THUS genuine people tell their pain,
In words from genuine nature caught,
And thus the Gleaner joins the strain,
The same his prospects and his thought.

For, to this cottage true he wends,
At length, his solitary way,
And here awhile, with lowly friends,
He hails declining summer's day.

And forth he goes, midst native grounds,
To clasp a hundred rustic hands;
Then fondly strays o'er well-known bounds,
And mixes in the harvest bands.

And as he sees the youngling trains,
O'er fragant fields assiduous roam,
He listens to their artless strains,
Till twilight guides them gently home.

And when their sounds are heard no more,
And nought but light winds whisper round,
When toil and pastime both are o'er,
And weary groupes repose profound:

O then how soft alone to sit,
Pensive within this cottage true,
E'er yet the bat has ceased to twit,
E'er yet the moon retires from view.

And, O how sweet, at midnight hour,
To breathe a prayer for suffering friend,
And supplicate the healing power
Some pitying balm from heaven to send.

And softer still, to hear him sleep,
Each pain and sorrow lull'd the while;
And when again the morn doth peep,
Bid him good-morrow with a smile.

But, lo! how pale that moon-ray peers
On yonder figure, old and poor,
'Tis Anna*, of a hundred years,
Who descants still of times of yore.

Still vaunts of gay victorious days,
When she and our First George did reign;
The monarch he of lofty lays,
And she the queen of humbler strain.

And now, though scepter'd beauty's o'er,
And all her lovers in the grave,
The rustics, as they pass her door,
Swear—"Anna from the foe to save."

She hears the oath, and, with a sigh,
Thankful extends her wither'd arm,
"The burial place," quoth she, "so nigh,
"'Twere hard the foe these bones should harm."

And as the youngling gleaner-band
On the small head the gatherings bear,
They too at Anna's door-way stand,
And leave a generous handful there.

And for th' Invader—when the corn
Is safely stor'd, the infant throng
Again can muster, eve and morn,
Their volunteers, full twenty strong!

The reeds † cockade and plume supply,
Th' inverted kettle forms a drum,
The slight lath arms each little thigh,
And "*now let* Bonaparte‡ *come!*"

* Ann Earl, who resides in a cottage, immediately opposite to that of John Hill, bordering on the church-yard. In her youth she is said to have been extremely beautiful. The author remembers her in the same house upwards of forty years; and, in a recent conversation with her, finds she has a memory to all which then passed.

† There are numerous beds of these in and along the neighbouring river Ouze.

‡ Or, as they more frequently call him, Bonnyparty.

Then

Then stoutly forth they march with glee,
An urchin troop, with spirits wild.
Vow—like their sires, THEY WILL BE FREE!—
Thus springs the hero from the child.

Yet while for war they seem to glow,
The tiny soldiers, free from guile,
Forget the world contains a foe,
And sink in slumber, with a smile.

And could'st thou, man of blood, behold
The villagers and village true.
And John and Dame in love grown old,
And not be melted at the view?

And not suspend thy gory spear,
Nor feel the touch of Nature rise;
Nor at yon white stone drop a tear,
Near which the youth and maiden lies!

Ah, no! thy tiger rage could speed,
To seize upon this cottage true,
Commit each foul and felon deed,
And with its dead the church-yard strew;

And yon white stone in ruins lay,
On which the sweet moon now doth shine,
And make the hallow'd bones thy prey,
And mock at love and pity's shrine!

Yes, ruthless thou! untaught to spare,
Can'st rob the chambers of the grave,
The meek babe from the bosom tear,
Nor mother, nor her infant, save.

To thy destroying arm must yield,
The useful ox, the generous steed,
And all the treasures of the field,
And man and beast promiscuous bleed!

With stony heart, and weepless eye,
Thou tak'st thy sacrilegious round,
Stabbing the labourers as they lie,
In Toil's sweet slumber wrapt profound.

Nor cradled infancy, nor age
Bed-rid, or crutch'd, nor orphans moan,
Can 'scape thy all-devouring rage,
Nor matron's shriek, nor father's groan!

O then by all that crowns your lives,
By friendships true, and loves sincere,
By spotless daughters, blameless wives,
Kinsfolk and Kings, and Country dear:

Rise, rise ye husbandmen and swains;
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm ye poor;
Defenders of your native plains,
Spurn the invader from your door.

Or should he to your isle advance,
O let your scythes to sabres turn,
Convert the sickle to the lance,
Till e'en the crook shall laurels gain.

So shall the loud and jovial laugh,
Still gaily spread from sheaf to sheaf;
And PEACE return, as proud you quaff
The DOWNFALL of the Gallic Chief!

So shall your villages and plains,
Your farms and cots be still your thrones,
So thrive your damsels, dames, and swains,
And quiet rest poor Anna's bones.

Then rise! ye husbandmen and swains;
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm ye poor;
Defend your dear and native plains,
And spurn th' Invader from your door.